

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Vol. 2.

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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BY THE

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[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Little Dog Pink.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

A few days ago, I read in some newspapers a paragraph concerning a dog that had been a great favorite in the family where he belonged, but had become so infirm that his master remarked one evening that he must be killed. The dog was lying near, and probably heard what was said, for he disappeared the next morning, and was seen no more.

This anecdote reminded me of a little dog named Pink, a pet in the family of Friend Joseph Carpenter, where I lived several years. He was a fox-terrier, very vivacious and vigilant, and quick to understand any directions that were given him. Having been told not to let the cats lap the milk, he went to the barn-yard regularly at milking time, and mounted guard so valiantly that it was as much as any cat's life was worth to presume to approach the premises until the milk was all safely deposited in the dairy. One morning a stranger, who happened to be present, noticed how alert and vigilant the little dog looked, keeping watch over the full pails of milk.

"Try if these can take one of them," said Friend Joseph's wife, Margaret. "Thee is welcome to it, if thee can get it." Not supposing such a little animal could be very formidable, he laughingly attempted to raise one of the pails; but Pink flew at him furiously and held him with such a tight grip that it was impossible to loosen his hold till Friend Margaret called him off.

This terrier, though so pugnacious in the performance of his duties, was of a very affectionate disposition. He particularly attached himself to Friend Joseph's son. When he retired to rest, he always followed him and took his station beneath the bed; but if any one opened the door, he would spring upon the bed instantly, and prepare to do battle with the intruder. Not even the members of the family were allowed to enter till he was quite sure his young master wished it. But, in process of time, this lively little animal grew old and stiff in the joints, and fell into some habits that were troublesome. One day, when he had done something very annoying to his neat mistress, she said to him, "Pink, I can't stand this any longer. Thee must be killed." And, turning to a colored man who worked on the farm, she said, "Jesse, thee must shoot Pink to-morrow, for he is getting too troublesome."

The next morning, the dog, contrary to his usual habits, went off into the fields, and was gone several hours. He came back at noon, but refused to eat, and seemed so timid and dejected, that Friend Margaret's son said, "Mother, what ails Pink? He acts very strangely." The circumstance made no impression upon her at the time; for she very naturally attributed the dog's low spirits and want of appetite to the effects of old age. Some time after, Jesse came in and said, "I have shot Pink, as you told me; but it made me feel dreadful bad. I believe the poor little creature knew what I was going to do; for, when I tied the handkerchief over his head, he gave me such a mournful look, and the tears ran down his face." "Oh," exclaimed the Friend, Margaret, "if I had known that, I would not have let thee shoot him. I now believe the poor little thing understood what I said to thee yesterday, and that was the reason he wouldn't eat, and seemed so miserable." She recalled the looks and ways of the faithful little animal, and it seemed to her now as if he had looked at her not only sadly but reproachfully. She could not get away from those memories, and they troubled her heart exceedingly. She is now seventy-six years old, and poor little Pink's troubles were all over more than thirty years ago; but she says it all appears before her as vividly as if it happened yesterday.

"Be useful where thou livest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Find out men's wants and will,  
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

Beecher's Wood-Thrush in Solitude.

Yet solitude is apt to become exceedingly solitary and lonesome, therefore it should not be long continued. Let rare and ripe friends dwell within reach, for it is solitude that gives zest to society, and goodly company it is that prepares you for the joys of solitude. Alone-ness is to social life what rests are in music. Sounds following silence are always sweetest.

The other day I got me to a solitary corner, where pine trees, maples and spruces had leagued against the sun, and quite expelled him. There, upon a root swelling out above the ground, I sat me down, and, leaning against the trunk, I determined to spy out what things are done in such places. So still was I that insects thought me a tree, and made a highway of my limbs. A robin, whose near nest showed young heads, for a time nervously hopped from branch to branch near me, shrilly questioning my errand. But my placid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on its black head and won its confidence. Then all birds chattered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and are no more to be confounded with their songs than are men's anthems to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I waited, and then came what I waited for—a wood-thrush—and perched his speckled breast right over against me in a near tree. He did not look in one place more than another, and so I knew that he believed himself alone. At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his ash-speckled breast; he probed the wings and combed out the long coverts. He ruffled up his whole plumage, and shook it robustly. Then, his solitary toilet completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look out, but not be seen, and began his song. It was neither warble, not continuous song, but a dainty phrasing, in single syllables, of such sweet and loving thoughts as solitude doth breed in pure and tender natures. And all this have I rehearsed that I might say that none in life sing so sweetly as they who, like the wood-thrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the men who pass by in the sunlight outside.

From Norwood.

ONLY what thou art in thyself determines thy value, not what thou hast.

It is not joy, nor repose, which is the aim of life. It is work, or there is no aim at all. Work and love, that is the body and soul of the human being. Happy he where they are one.—On the Heights.

*Dr. Warren's Opinion in 1847.*

In a lecture delivered before the Legislative Agricultural, in 1847, Dr. Warren said that the horse had been highly esteemed in all ages of the world. The ancient mythologists taught, that in consequence of a dispute between Minerva and Neptune, the assembled gods resolved that the preference should be given to the one who should make the most useful present to man. On this, Minerva produced the Olive, and Neptune, striking the ground with his trident, produced the Horse.

Among the Romans the horse was honored with a yearly festival (consulatio)—a season of entire rest from labor, when, dressed in gaudy trappings and adorned with garlands and flowers, he was led in triumphal procession through the streets. Some remnants of this custom are continued at Rome even to the present day.

He remarked that the anatomy of the horse was, in many particulars, similar to the human body—the number of bones being nearly the same, about two hundred and fifty, and the number of muscles about the same, five hundred.

The food of the horse should be proportioned to his labor! If the same quantity of food was allowed to a horse which did not work as to one which did, the blind staggers, which was apoplexy, would be produced.

Dr. Warren thought that horses should be allowed stalls that were six or seven feet wide, that they might have room to move about and turn round.

The Doctor condemned, in the most emphatic terms, the use of the check-rein. It was a piece of cruelty to use it; and, furthermore, it greatly impaired the ability of the horse to draw a load, or travel with ease. It was particularly necessary that the horse should be able to throw his head forward in travelling up a hill.

With the expression of the hope that the remarks he had made on the anatomy and treatment of the horse might serve to awaken more interest in this valuable animal, and secure for him better treatment, the Doctor concluded his lecture.

*Animals Have Rights.*

There is a vast deal of "cruelty to animals" in the community, which needs "prevention" by the "Massachusetts Society" or some other, beside driving the tines of a fork into a refractory horse. For proof of the truth of the statement, ask the faithful watch-dog who, for services rendered, receives his thanks in cuffs or caresses, in accordance with the varying temper of the enlightened but capricious master, or allow the various forms of dependent animal life, by which each of us is surrounded, to testify of cold and hunger and thirst received as a reward for long and faithful service which should entitle to a life-long fee of care, warmth, food and drink. \*\*\*

The right to neglect, maim or abuse a single representative of the vast animal creation was never granted to the denizens of this planet.

The man who loads a half dozen fellow mortals into a wagon, for a drive on a sultry July morning, or he who by dint of whip, switch or boot-toe, urges his tired and hungry horse through the streets, at a speed dangerous to pedestrians, as well as injurious to the horse, deserves the attention of every society and all men who practically endorse the beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful." The possession of an "easy job," an abundant salary or a profusion of kids, constitutes no exemption from the charge of "fast driving," and no guarantee that the exquisite who holds the reins and wields the whip over the over-driven and abused horse, may not enjoy the taste of a dose of legal correction administered to the tune of more than "\$50 and costs." A man that cannot be trusted with the care of that noblest of animals, the horse, lest he should abuse and permanently injure, is not only amenable to law, but personally lacks the essential traits of a gentleman, and we trust the time is not far distant when the spending as well as the laboring classes shall be compelled to know the horse has rights which his heedless human driver is bound to respect. — *Clinton Courant.*

*The Old Fisherman's Prayer.*

BY JEAN INGELOW.

There was a poor old man  
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,  
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs  
As like to tear them down. He lay at night;  
And "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,  
"That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine;  
For when the gale gets up, and when the wind  
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,  
And lulls and stops and rouses up again,  
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,  
And scatters it like feathers up the field,  
Why then I think of my two lads; my lads  
That would have worked and never let me want,  
And never let me take the parish pay.  
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—  
My two—before the most of these were born.  
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife  
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,  
And I walked after, and one could not hear  
A word the other said, for wind and sea  
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—  
The awfulest, the longest, lightest night  
That ever parents had to spend,—a moon  
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave,  
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,  
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,  
And got them home and dried them in the house,  
And seen the driftwood lie along the coast.  
That was a tidy boat but one day back,  
And seen next tide the neighbors gather it  
To lay it on their fires.

"Ay, I was strong  
And able bodied—loved my work; but now  
I am a useless hull; 'tis time I sunk;  
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;  
I am a trouble to myself; but yet  
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,  
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,  
If I had learning I would pray the Lord  
To bring them in; but I'm no scholar, no;  
Book-learning is a world too hard for me;  
But I make bold to say, 'O Lord, good Lord,  
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool  
To speak to Thee; but in the book 'tis writ,  
As I hear say from others that can read,  
How, when Thou comest, Thou dost love the sea,  
And live with fisherfolk, whereby 'tis sure  
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,  
And all their trouble.

"As for me, good Lord,  
I have no boat; I am too old, too old—  
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;  
My little lassies died so long ago  
That mostly I forget what they were like.  
Thou knowest, Lord, they were such little ones;  
I know they went to Thee, but I forget  
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

"O Lord,  
I was a strong man; I have drawn good food  
And made good money out of Thy great sea;  
But yet I cried for them at nights; and now,  
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,  
And there be many folk this stormy night  
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,  
Comfort them; save their honest boys, their pride,  
And let them hear next ebb the blindest,  
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.

"I cannot pray with finer words, I know  
Nothing; I have no learning, cannot learn—  
Too old, too old. They say I want for naught,  
I have the parish pay; but I am dull  
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me through,  
God save me, I have been a sinful man,  
And save the lives of them that still can work,  
For they are good to me; ay, good to me.  
But, Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit  
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few  
That any think to come and draw a chair,  
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.  
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the wind  
Knocks at my door, O, long and loud it knocks,  
The only thing God made that has a mind  
To enter in."

Yea, thus the old man spake,  
These were the last words of his aged mouth—  
BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,  
That humble, weak old man; knocked at his door  
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.  
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,  
Save where their foaming passions had made white  
Those livid, seething billows. What He said  
In that poor place where He did walk awhile,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn  
What time the wind had bated, and the sun  
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile  
He passed away in, and they said, "He looks  
As he had waked and seen the face of Christ,  
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms  
To come to him!"

*Our President's Work in England.*

If Mr. Angell were at home he would not favor the publication of the following compliment from the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in a letter to the "Animal World".—Ed.

Several of us must especially remember the friendly visit paid to us by the generous and eloquent President of the Massachusetts Society; the interesting account that he gave us of the enterprise and success of the rising society; and the useful suggestions he, even from his short experience, was able to offer to the Mother Society in the Old Country. We may well feel thankful to have had thus brought home to us the indirect good that we have been permitted to do in another country, and to have received assistance in return, in the way of counsel and advice (especially in reference to this periodical), from the warm-hearted, active, and, I might rightly say, chivalrous man who told us the pleasant story of the founding of the society in America.

It is very probable that our present appearance before the public was hastened by what we then heard. This present publication had been, I believe, for some time agreed upon, and probably would have now appeared had we not then been favored by the interesting visit and interview; but that interview—and our friend will read this, I hope, with pleasure—gave us encouragement, and to some extent guidance.

Mr. Angell pointed out to us the great good such a publication as our "Animal World" could not fail to do in the cause of mercy if properly disseminated through our schools, town and country.

[For Our Dumb Animals.  
*The Shivering Horse.*

During the late war, on a piercing cold December night, a gentleman, passing down New Jersey Avenue, in Washington, saw a poor, forlorn-looking horse standing near one of the Government stables, shivering with cold, and evidently endeavoring to gain admission; but everything was closed for the night. The gentleman was moved with compassion towards the poor dumb creature, and accordingly stopped to see if he could afford relief. He found a sentinel in front of the stable, who said "he knew nothing about it, and could do nothing about it, and that he, also, was nearly frozen." So the gentleman was compelled to leave his famished friend without relief. But his rest that night was much disturbed, as, in his dreams, the poor horse appeared before him, calling for aid. Soon after daybreak the next morning he rose, and hurried off in search of oats and corn, with which he filled his carpet bag. He found the hungry creature where he had left him the previous evening, surrounded by eight or ten good-looking soldiers, who were trying to devise some means to supply him with a breakfast. The contents of the carpet-bag were poured out in front of his famished friend, to the perfect delight of both horse and soldiers. Thus, one poor, neglected horse found a kind friend in time of need, and a salutary example was placed before those who witnessed the incident, which they doubtless long remembered.

*A Quaker's Horse.*

When the Second Indian Cavalry Regiment was originally recruited, it was in want of horses, which the government could not then supply. A certain Quaker gentleman was applied to, among others, to furnish a horse for the good cause to which it was known he was in heart and soul devoted; whereupon he replied to the colonel: "Thou knowest we are opposed in principle to war; but those five horses in yonder meadow are mine, and if one is missed in the morning I shall not inquire about it."

*Trifles.*

The massive gates of circumstance  
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,  
And thus some seeming pettiest chance  
Oft gives our life its after tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,  
The common things scarce worth recall,  
Whereof no visible trace survives,  
These are the mainsprings, after all.



## ENGLAND'S VOICE ON TRANSPORTATION.

Let us henceforward maintain, as a nation and as citizens, that "kindliness is next to godliness"—taking kindliness in its large and true primary sense of obedience to the laws of Nature in our relationships with all Nature's works. There is urgent need for the new crusade against cruelty, of which we have made bold to suggest the motto. Only a few fragments of the horrible truth can ever come to our knowledge; yet the little that we learn reveals such a depth and extent of depraved brutality as almost to prompt despair of amendment. Any one who looks at the matter in a genuinely "humanitarian" spirit—who regards, not merely the suffering which cruelty causes to the animal, but the moral injury sustained by the man who inflicts it—will realise at once the mighty effect that a humane reform would have on the classes of society whom Christianity is most eager, yet least able to reach. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small"—that was said by a dreaming poet; but the words could not have been truer if they had been penned by the most zealous and experienced among men devoted to the task of lightening and lifting upward the deplorable dead weight in our urban population. A man who is already good will be merciful to his beast; but if a man who is *not* good can be made merciful to his beast, you have laid in him the germ of better feelings and nobler aspects, leading him gradually to recognize in practice the truth that man and animal equally come from one great source of life. Take our crowded, sordid, confined quarters, where the city poor live, and it will be found, that as the pets of a house are, so are the dispositions of the inmates. The rose tree or geranium on the window sill, the starling or canary hung to catch the too short sunshine of the alley, the cat purring by the modest hearth, the dog, the squirrel, or the rabbits in their hutch—all these signs of gentle feeling mark out the best houses in that district; and undoubtedly the inmates, whether they go to church or not, are at least sincere and happy in their kindly if perchance unconscious strivings "through Nature up to Nature's God." Where pets are absent, the symptom is not encouraging for the missionary or the benevolent visitor. What is practised or neglected at home must needs re-appear in out-of-doors life; and who can tell how much the labours of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might be lightened, if, by some gentle stealth of their religious watchers, the classes to whom cruel acts are practically confined could be induced to enjoy the strange charm of that protective familiarity which gradually makes the pet animal a member of the household.

We are not going, indeed, to advocate a general distribution of squirrels and canaries as a means of paving the way for religious truth. We simply wish to show some ground for the proposition that "kindliness is next to godliness," and to suggest the immense advantages that would be gained for our social and religious life, if "cruelty to animals" became but an ugly memory of the past. It is too plain, however, that no sudden and momentaneous effort, put forth from above, can achieve so desirable a revolution. Like all popular vices, this can only be eradicated by long, patient, and watchful labor. Indeed, cruelty to animals is, in some respects, a vicious practice the less easy to be rooted out, because it is a mode in which the degraded and inferior among men can console their coarse self-love by asserting, after their own notions, their superiority to something—be it only a horse or a cow. What is to be accomplished by way of cure cannot be done at a single blow; but that which is practicable in any particular direction can at least be done quickly. The Government has, not a moment too soon, charged itself with the duty of seeing that animals on their way to market for human food shall be protected against the inhumanity, both active and passive, from which they have suffered so terribly in the past. The gentle and cultured mind of Mr. ARTHUR HELPS, who is chiefly responsible for the right performance of the new task assumed by the State, will certainly occupy itself with pleasure in the kindly labor pressed upon us by the energetic and eager voice of Miss BURDETT COUTTS. We would fain believe, with that noble-hearted lady, that

the next generation of drovers, carters, and steamboat sailors could be rendered humane at school—made proof against inhumanity by the exercises of the primer. But, whether or not kindliness to animals can be thus sown broadcast, like a knowledge of the alphabet or the boundaries of Europe, is rather a question for theorists—practical men are concerned with a state of matters which is actual and flagrant.

The overdriven, hungry, thirsty, bruised, and dispirited animals pass through the hands of men too much inured to cruelty for us ever to anticipate their amendment by any means short of sheer compulsion. But the very fact that those men are so hardened by the constant practice of cruelty points straight to the possibility of checking the barbarities. \* \* \*

If we could conceive the English people begrudging such an effort in behalf of the subject races of creation, they might easily be stirred into action by an appeal to self-interest. The cattle on whose helpless bodies those sickening cruelties are exercised, are on their way to our tables. Every hour of suffering, every act of barbarity, which they endure, must diminish the healthy and health-giving power which they possessed at their departure. Feverish through thirst, exhausted with hunger, worn out and battered by the blows and fatigues of the voyage, the beast comes to market something considerably different from that which we wanted when we sent so far to buy him. The flesh must be impaired by the discomforts and agonies of the transit: not merely are its textures and juices unfavourably affected, but incipient disease, induced by its sufferings, may lurk in the frame destined for our consumption. We neither know what good we lose, nor what evil we get, through the cruelties of drivers and sailors, the negligence of steamboat owners and railway managers.—*London Telegraph.*

To Mr. Henry Bergh,

President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Oh, brave and noble heart, whose generous pulse,  
Responsive, throbs to every cry of pain;  
To whom the dumb creation, groaning, look,  
Nor ever look in vain;  
Whose hands the heavy yoke and burdens loose,  
Unbind the weary, fettered feet,  
And to the captive bird restores  
The freedom still so sweet.

How can we thank thee for thy noble deeds?

What words of ours can praise thy patient zeal,  
That follows, daily, every wayworn step,  
And reads the language of its mute appeal?

Oh, great apostle of a better age!  
Fit herald of the happy time to come,  
When "man shall neither hurt them, nor destroy,"—  
At peace,—with creature dumb.

They cannot tell thee all their grateful love,—

But, when thy kind and tender care they miss,  
When eyes that never turned from suffering here,  
Shall open on a brighter world than this;  
Then shall their Maker, and thy Judge, proclaim,  
Amid the joyful throng that welcome thee,  
"Because thou did'st it to the least of these,  
Thou did'st it unto me."

M. L. E.

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, Oct. 9, 1869.

The Sparrow's Chirp.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;  
All over the world we are found;  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

## Hints for American Ladies.

Mr. Colam, Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, says:—

With reference to "systematic education for the humane treatment of animals," I would earnestly entreat the public to give every possible support to Miss Coutts's suggestion. This Society has been energetically engaged for forty years in prosecuting offenders, and though these proceedings have created a public opinion, and raised a terrible stigma against cruelty, they have not, and never can, extinguish cruelty. It is wiser and easier, surely, to humanize the heart when it is young, and before it has learnt to be cruel, than to cure it after it has become hardened in cruelty. More than ever this Society now recognizes the importance of school and home training of the young to acts of humanity towards animals; and to this end the Committee have determined upon issuing a monthly illustrated paper, which they trust will be largely used in this work. By means of such a paper, Mr. Angell has been enabled, as Miss Coutts states, to accomplish infinite good in the United States; and, under the promised support of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and other influential promoters of education, we hope every month, commencing with the 1st proximo, to lay before the children of England, Ireland, and Scotland 25,000 copies of THE ANIMAL WORLD, for the purpose of inculcating in their minds, as Miss Coutts suggests, "principles of humanity towards animals, and a knowledge of their structure, treatment, and value to man," by means of stories and other amusing literature.

In conclusion, let me ask, Who will assist the Society in the glorious enterprise? More than funds, we need a "Ladies' Humane Society," to get the publication introduced everywhere among children and persons having the care of animals. I shall be glad to coöperate with a body of ladies for this purpose, if any will kindly forward their names to me, and enter upon the work as zealous missionaries.

[The above letters have induced nearly fifty ladies, in various parts of England, to send in their names to the Society; and as soon as possible measures will be taken to make a practical use of their valued services.—*Ed. Animal World.*]

[May we ask what ladies will assist our Society in our "enterprise"? If the many ladies who are interested in our work would seek to introduce "Our Dumb Animals" among the children of their villages and cities, they would soon make our paper self-supporting, and help to make the next generation more humane than the present. For such a purpose we would furnish one hundred copies for fifty dollars.]

THE SNOW BIRDS.—The stormy petrel is not more truly the harbinger of rough weather to the sailor on his lonely watch, than is the little brown snow-bird the precursor and prophet of the winter on whose threshold we stand. Who will not save his scanty store of crumbs through these cheerless months that are coming, to scatter them with a tender charity around the door? Who will not think to hang up the dried beef bones, not too closely picked, for these wind-tossed little dependents to pick from when the earth is buried up?—*Ploughman.*

A DELICATE ODOR.—Our finer feelings are like the evening primrose, all the sunlight but shuts them closer. And yet, when evening comes and dews are falling, if you will watch, you shall see the twilight, with gentle influence, unroll them, one by one, with visible motion, each blossom throwing forth, as it opens, its offering of delicate odor.—*Norwood.*

IS IT unsafe to believe that God's eye follows every sparrow, and that his taste unrolls every flower, and that his feelings have an alphabetic expression in all natural forms, harmonies, colors, contrasts and affinities?—BEECHER.

We hear the rain fall, but not the snow.  
Bitter grief is loud, calm grief is silent.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, December 7, 1869.

## Why don't you do More?

Is a question asked of us by those who believe that the usefulness of the Society is measured by the number of its prosecutions. Let it be understood, then, that our policy is one of conversion as well as conviction; that we would persuade and educate as well as arrest and prosecute.

We might arrest more, but not necessarily convict, for our courts have not yet been converted to the belief that abuse of an animal equally deserves punishment with abuse of a man; and the very men who complain of us for failing to complain of others in court, are unwilling to be witnesses if a complaint be made. But we mean to prosecute and are prosecuting in aggravated cases, if evidence can be obtained.

We think any fair-minded observer will confess that our influence can be seen, all over the State, in a less amount of cruelty to all animals. Of course there is much yet to be done.

It would be an easy matter to blow our own trumpet, boast of what we have done, and intend to do, but we shall be content with naming some of the

## Cases Prosecuted.

Beating horses, . . . . .	33
Overdriving horses, . . . . .	21
Working old, galled and lame horses, . . . . .	19
Cruelty in transportation, . . . . .	11
Bagging cows, . . . . .	11
Overloading horses, . . . . .	5
Failing to provide food, . . . . .	4
Cruelty to cows, . . . . .	2
Abandoning horse, abandoning cow, cruelty in breaking horse, cruelly killing horse, cruelty to calf, dog and sheep, failing to provide shelter—one each, . . . . .	8
In all, . . . . .	114

Amount of fines imposed, \$1,131.

In addition to the above prosecutions, we have investigated and acted upon about one thousand cases of various kinds, where the most judicious and the most effectual course to prevent future cruelty was remonstrance, warning, and the removal of the cause of the cruelty. At the same time we shall make the law felt often enough to keep it before the people, and are thankful to friends who report cases to us. Our agents cannot be everywhere present, and we must rely upon others for information.

We can safely say that no day passes that we do not apply a remedy somewhere, though not through the medium of the courts.

## Boston and Albany Railroad.

We are glad to say that the directors of this road, at our request, have appointed a committee, consisting of the President, C. W. Chapin, Vice-President, D. Waldo Lincoln, and Hon. Moses Kimball, to investigate the charges of alleged cruelty to animals transported over their road.

If they are convinced, as we are, of the truth of the charges, we shall look with confidence for a prompt remedy.

The clippers and anti-clippers have a hearing this month in other columns.

## Welcome!

We are glad to announce the receipt of "The Animal World," a monthly journal, published by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in London. The first number was issued October 1st.

Its plans and purposes are kindred to ours, and are thus stated:—

The Journal will advocate the claims of all animals to humane treatment.

It will entirely avoid sectarian differences in religion and in party politics.

It will contain reports of all Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Its special subjects will comprise:—The better treatment of animals during their transit from place to place; the improvement of appointments in railway cattle trucks and in the holds of cattle-carrying steamboats; a more frequent supply of food and water during transportation and in markets and fairs; the erection of public abattoirs; the more humane slaughter of animals intended for food; the suppression of slow-bleeding cruelty to calves; the protection of sheep from the shearer during the inclement months of the year; the abolition of muzzles for dogs; improved horse-shoes; the removal of barbarous instruments of torture used in the preservation of game; the discountenance of clubs formed for the destruction of pigeons, and for rewarding the destroyers of small birds; improvements in the construction of roads; the abolition of injurious bearing-reins, and the introduction of appropriate harness for draught animals; the entire suppression of experiments upon animals made for discoveries in science, when conducted with torture; the employment of anæsthetic agencies when surgical or other operations are made upon animals; the enactment by the Legislature of improved laws for the protection of animals; the dissemination among persons having the care of animals of useful information relating to the habits, instincts, and proper treatment of domestic brutes; the introduction into schools of enticing narratives relating to kindness to animals, of attractive lessons in natural history, and of anecdotes and stories designed to train up young persons to regard lower creatures with compassion and justice; and generally the advocacy of all measures tending to ameliorate the condition of animals.

Mr. Angell writes us of this paper: "It seems to me (without exception) the best compilation on the subject of cruelty to and protection of animals I ever saw. If I had the money, I would put a copy into every school in the United States, and, if I had still more money, I would like to put a copy into every school in the world."

It is beautifully printed on tinted book-paper and freely illustrated with choice engravings.

We gladly and cordially welcome this new journal to the field, and hope it will meet with the encouragement its exceeding merit demands.

On next page we publish extracts from its leader, and we shall hereafter draw freely from its columns.

## Kind Words.

The following note from a lady accompanied by a donation of fifty dollars. Such acts and words give us encouragement.

Please accept the enclosed, and apply it in aid of your Heaven-directed efforts.

I give it gladly, for the sufferings of these, our patient workers and aids, have for years been a source of constant thought and suffering to me.

God grant that this Association may extend over the earth, that the groans and sufferings of these poor creatures may no longer rise in judgment against those for whose use they were created.

See invitation to ladies on previous page.

## We, Too!

The "Animal World" says: "We covet the aid of literary friends. Already we are encouraged by promises of help sent to us by well-known writers."

The only American paper on this subject, "Our Dumb Animals," says *we are alike "covetous"*! We wish we could say we have like encouragement. Shall we have it?

## Public Meeting at Worcester.

A public meeting called by several gentlemen at Worcester, (not by us as reported in the papers,) was held at Mechanics' Hall on 30th ult., and was addressed by Dr. Geo. B. Loring, Hon. W. W. Rice, and J. F. Manning, Esq.

The object of the meeting was to consider the subject of transportation of stock on railroads. We learn from the *Worcester Spy* that Dr. Loring treated the subject in an agricultural view, Mr. Rice, the district-attorney, presented the legal view of the case, and Mr. Manning, the presiding officer, depicted the evil of the present method of transportation, and described and advocated a compartment car, manufactured at Worcester, (a description of which was published in our July No.) Letters were read from Prof. Agassiz and Senator Wilson, sympathizing with the purposes of the meeting.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Worcester, in meeting assembled, contemplate with gratitude and pride the movements now being made in various portions of the country and the civilized world by organized associations, to secure by moral suasion, popular discussion and law, a humane and just treatment of domestic animals.

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender to all such associations our cordial sympathy, and, as far as possible, promise our co-operation towards so beneficial and laudable an object.

*Resolved*, That in proportion as a people treat humanely and justly the brute creation, they rise in the scale of civilization, and they thus indicate the degree of social and moral elevation.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully and earnestly request all railroad and other corporations having in charge the transportation of live stock from the sources of supply to the markets, to adopt the improved methods for such transportation, and that they make and enforce stringent and proper rules and regulations for such carriage and care.

*Resolved*, That we regard, with unmingled satisfaction, the law of France, which requires all animals to be quarantined a certain number of days, at the shambles, before slaughtering, and the merciful means employed to make it as mild and humane as possible.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully petition our ensuing legislature to investigate the French system, and to enact laws equivalent to theirs for this purpose.

We are glad the public have become awakened to the evils complained of, and trust the railroad corporations will take measures to apply a remedy.

The appointment of a committee by the Boston and Albany R. R., alluded to in a previous article, is an indication of the right spirit, and if followed by action will relieve many friends of the cause from anxiety, and us from an unpleasant duty.

## Christmas and New Year's Presents.

Children's books teaching kindness to animals are a double blessing to children, and we hope parents will bear this in mind. See the various books advertised in our columns.

Several articles are crowded out this month.



## Mr. Ingell's Letters.

[No. 11.]

PARIS, Oct. 27th, 1869.

## DUSSELDORF—BELGIUM—ANTWERP.

My last letter was dated at Cologne, and the next morning I started on a tour through Holland and Belgium, stopping first at Dusseldorf, and thence in the cities of Utrecht, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, and so back to Paris. At Dusseldorf, famous for its celebrated school of painting and gallery of pictures, now removed to Munich, I stopped but one night, but long enough to see that it is an interesting town, with a population of over 40,000, and extensive and beautiful public grounds and parks bordering on the Rhine. I saw there one fruit picture, which I should value more than all of the kind I ever saw,—a wine-glass, grapes, peaches, nuts, wine, leaves, drops of water on the leaves, and a table-cloth, each perfect of its kind. Belgium, from Dusseldorf to the sea, though not so low as Holland, is almost level, appearing from the railway like a great garden under high cultivation.

Brussels, its capital, has with its suburbs, a population of about 300,000, is built on and around elevated land, and is a cleanly city, containing some interesting parks, gardens and buildings, and in the general appearance of its people and streets is somewhat Parisian. Antwerp, the home of Rubens and Van Dyck, built upon level ground, on the banks of the Schelde, and having a population of about 117,000, is emphatically the city of churches. I have not seen their equals in any other city, thus far. Its cathedral I should think not so large as that in Milan, and some in France and Germany, and all its exterior interest is concentrated in one Gothic tower, something over four hundred feet high; but that one tower has, I think, more beauty than all I have ever seen. Napoleon is said to have compared it to a piece of Mechlin lace, and Charles V. to have said that it ought to be preserved in a case. It was built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the interior are the masterpieces of Rubens, and rows of most exquisite statues and statuettes, a pulpit representing trees, birds &c., of such wonderful carving, that I should think it alone worth stopping to see, and on the southerly side a series of small paintings of scenes before, at and after the crucifixion, with faces so full of sorrow and agony, that one can hardly keep from tears.

## HOLLAND—AMSTERDAM.

Holland is a splendid exemplification of the triumph of man over nature. Probably many school children know that the greater part of it lies below the sea level, and is only saved from inundation by embankments,—that it is cut in all directions by canals, which answer for roads and fences,—that everywhere you find great windmills, some with sails over a hundred feet long, which not only do the grinding and sawing, but also work unceasingly in draining the low lands,—that the land is fertile and highly cultivated, and the people noted for cleanliness; but perhaps not so many know that Dutchmen look very much like Americans; that there is nothing heavy or dull about them, but on the contrary they are a most enterprising, energetic and wealthy people, speaking the English language more generally than any other continental nation, and although numbering only some three and a half millions, yet owning more than seven thousand merchant vessels. Amsterdam, their principal city, has a population of over 265,000, and is entirely built on piles, on ninety islands, connected by two hundred and eighty bridges. It is the queerest, oddest city, I think, in northern Europe, and as such most interesting to a tourist. Streets paved with bricks laid sideways; chimneys of bells on the churches; houses tall, narrow, gable-ended, and painted in dark colors, with beams and tackle projecting from the gables to draw up goods to the attics, which are used for storing, the houses leaning at various angles, because of the giving way of the piles on which they are built, and hardly any two adjacent looking alike; streets

mostly narrow; women of the working classes, very strong and rosy, wearing wooden shoes, and white muslin caps without bonnets, and gold bands on their heads, in which often their whole fortune is invested; and the people are very good natured, and there is very little thieving or crime, or apparent poverty. The great annual Dutch fair was in progress while I was there, and whole streets were filled with people singing and dancing, and along the sides they were cooking hot griddle cakes, riding on whirligigs, firing at candles, throwing the ball at door knobs, which opened with a prize for every hit, and all sorts of very childish and innocent amusements. Amsterdam has, of course, its galleries of paintings, palace, and other objects of interest; but the pleasantest place I found there was the zoological gardens, and the cunningest thing I saw there, the performances of a cage of bears, one of which would roll over, another eat from the keeper's mouth, another imitate the sawing of wood, another the nursing of a baby, another turn summersaults, and another shake hands, all of which had been taught them when young, as the keeper said, by "kind words;" and the pleasantest thing I read there was a notice that "any one teasing the animals would be fined five guilders."

## ROTTERDAM—THE HAGUE.

Rotterdam, with a population of about 114,000, and Utrecht, with about 57,000, are interesting cities, differing in some unimportant respects from their larger neighbor. But with *The Hague*, the capital of Holland, and a city of some 85,000 inhabitants, I was charmed. It is the most sensible looking city I have seen in Europe: broad streets, wide canals, beautiful parks and public promenades, houses large on the ground, with gardens and yards, everything for comfort and nothing for show,—even the palaces looked as though a body might live in them. I shall not soon forget the fine men I saw there in the Dutch Parliament, nor my comfortable, home-like room, in the comfortable, home-like hotel, with its two pictures on the walls, one of little brother pulled out of the river by a large Newfoundland dog, and the other the reception of little brother and dog at home: the mother embracing little brother, and the children with their arms around the dog, kissing and caressing him, and he looking so proud and happy. I have received much kindness from the officers of our sister societies in the Dutch cities, and my experiences in Holland are amongst my pleasant recollections.

## SUNNY MEMORIES.

And now, in closing up my summer's tour by a return to Paris, it is perhaps well to say that, while European travel is not without its inconveniences, sometimes particularly annoying to an American, because of his unfamiliarity with customs, currency and languages, yet there are many pleasant offsets. I have found no disagreeable roughness anywhere; have seen no masked dances, no dressing of men in women's, or women in men's, clothing, no evening surprise parties dressed in sheets, no coarseness of language or action. I do not recollect hearing, in all the hotels and pensions, or boarding-houses, of Switzerland, from any one of the throngs of guests, of all nations, stopping there, a profane or vulgar word, or to have witnessed an ungentelemanly or unladylike action. I have met more English (in which term I include also Scotch and Irish) than of any other nations, because Switzerland is to them what the White and Green Mountains are to us. Everywhere I have met and talked with them, twenty, at least, to one American, and have not heard a single unkind word personally to myself, or in regard to my country; but, on the contrary, have been many times made happy by acts of kindness and expressions of good will, and have seen amongst them some of the most beautiful exhibitions of family relations and the love and respect of children for parents. These, too, I count amongst the sunny memories. G. T. A.

A SHARP fellow who took horses to pasture, charged less for "bob-tails" than for others—"the long-tails," he said, "can brush away the flies, but the short-tails are so tormented by them, they can hardly eat at all."

## From the "Animal World."

(See Editorial Column.)

## OUR OBJECT.

Our aim is to protect animals from torture and ameliorate their condition, and to awaken in the minds of men a proper sense of the claims of creatures placed under their dominion. The animal kingdom consists of "inferior" and "superior" beings, of which man forms a part; and we shall be bound, therefore, in *THE ANIMAL WORLD*—a title made comprehensive enough to include "both man and bird and beast"—to advocate man's interests as well as the happiness of his subordinates.

## ORGAN OF SPEECH.

It is often said (the accuracy of which may perhaps be doubted) that man is the only animal capable of language. This apparent monopoly of speech would seem to imply a responsibility resting on him as speaker for all other animals, and hence the injunction, "Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb." At all events, brutes cannot speak for themselves; and as man stands at the head of nature, the lord of creation, with powers of articulate expression, should not the inheritance of the whole race and every portion of it enlist his sympathy and engage his tongue? Is he not the natural defender of the defenceless? As king having dominion, should he not protect his subjects? as a god, should he not compassionate?

Animals who cannot talk surely require an advocate, as well as those who can express their grievances. If they possessed the gift of speech, a monthly journal might be superfluous; but this has been withheld, and it is incumbent on us, we think, ourselves to become an organ of speech on their behalf, in return for all the blessings they confer on us.

## NO MORBID FEELING.

As no man can wantonly commit cruelty without blunting his own moral perceptions, so no man can become considerate or just towards animals without elevating his own nature. It is this truth which enables us to promise benefits to man by the promotion of humanity to animals. We shall have no space for maudlin sentiment; for ours is a grand practical work, in which morbid feeling cannot enter without injury to our cause.

## TRAINING THE YOUNG.

Prosecutions must be continued, to cure criminals or to deter from crime those who would become criminals except for such caution; but these will be an insufficient remedy, and measures should be devised for training the mind when it is young to a love of animals. Once deeply planted in the heart, that love will make cruelty impossible.

## HOW ABATE CRUELTY?

And how do we propose by this journal to abate so great a national calamity as cruelty to animals? In the first place, we shall endeavor to train up our young readers to a love of animals by interesting stories and anecdotes, which will be a staple commodity in our columns, and by well-executed engravings illustrating the same. These enticing narratives, with attractive lessons in natural history, cannot be read month after month in our schools without accomplishing infinite good. Then, to persons having the care of animals we shall supply practical information: relating to the habits, instincts, and proper treatment of animals, and an earnest attempt will thus be made to prevent that kind of cruelty which ignorance yields so prolifically. To such end we invite all our friends to circulate this paper in towns and villages, in schools, in clubs, reading-rooms, public-houses, railway-stations, hospitals, prisons, workhouses, and all other places where it may lie on the table and be read. Ladies, to whom we already owe our best thanks for their fidelity to the cause, are particularly fitted for this mission. Every town should have its little Ladies' Humane Committee in full operation, and district visitors should be appointed to carry the paper to every family.

## Children's Department.

*The Pony that Turned the Water on.*

An almost unparalleled circumstance was noticed at Muirhall, near West Calder. During the great heat that prevailed on a recent day, an Iceland pony, the property of Mr. John Waddell, contractor, was for a time left to its own free will during the temporary absence of its driver. The pony, which had been driven for a considerable distance, and was seemingly actuated by a craving for water, was observed by the proprietor of Muirhall, and others who chanced to be in the vicinity, to deliberately walk a distance of fully fifty yards, and with its teeth turn the cock of a water-pipe projecting out of the road embankment, supply itself with a draught of the refreshing beverage, re-adjust the cock, and return to the position in which it was left. This case is not only paralleled, but surpassed by one that occurred at Leeds in 1794. A gentleman's horse was regularly turned into a field where there was a pump, the water of which never failed. The horse observed how the pump worked, and at last took to pumping for himself, thus saving the groom the trouble of providing him with water. His mode of procedure was to take the handle of the pump between his teeth, and pump away till the trough was full. Mr. Weir has given us a life-like picture of this incident, which is undoubtedly one of the most curious in all the history of animal intelligence.

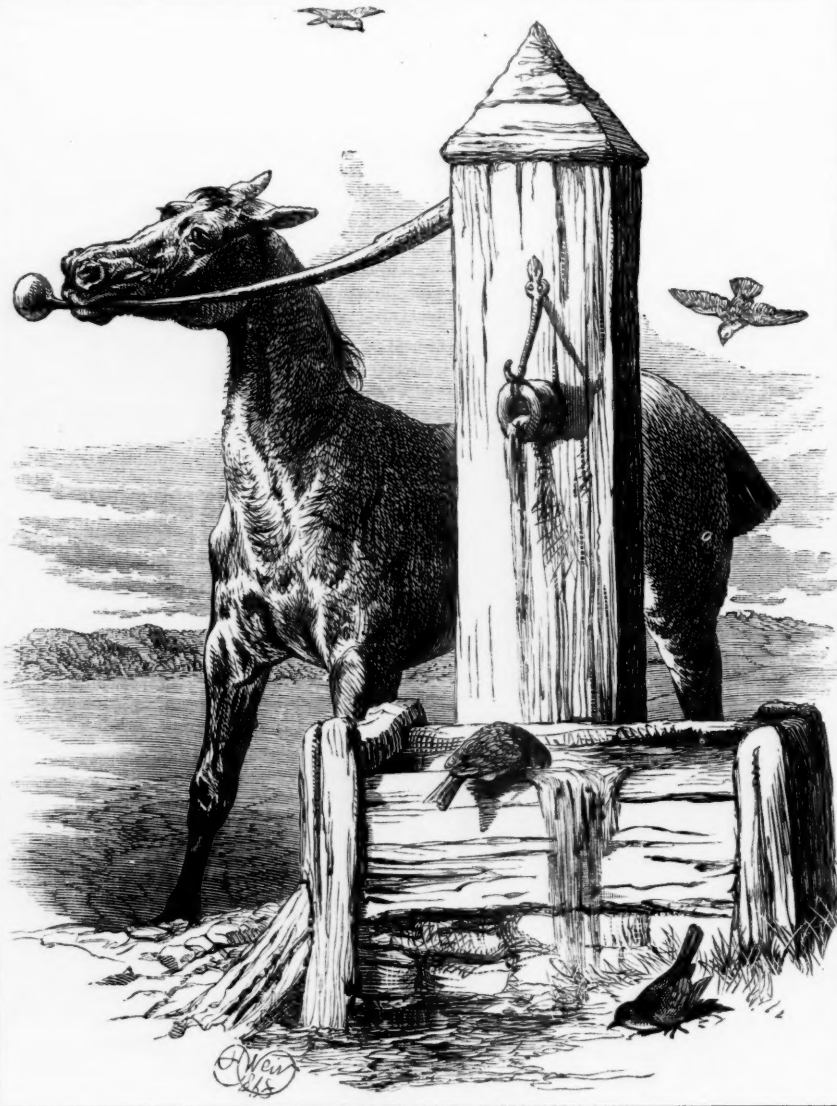
That animals possess reasoning powers, and use them as we use ours, will now, I hope, be no longer disputed by any of our readers. How to get at the mind of an animal has been demonstrated. It must be done by observation.

In respect to animals generally, we have not learned all that may be learned by merely observing them. We want a key to their natures—to their inmost natures—and we must look for it in our own inmost natures, or we shall search for it in vain. The gracious Parent has given us eyes to see and ears to hear, has given generously to all creatures facilities suited to the scope and purpose of their lives, that each in its sphere may have its share of safety and happiness.—From *Clever Dogs, Horses, etc.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
*The Blue Horse.*

It was a chilly, rainy day, and the little brothers, Charlie and Johnnie, were not allowed to go out to school, because they were just recovering from the measles, and mamma said it would not be prudent.

Both of these little fellows were very fond of school—not that they loved their books more than boys in general, but they were wide-awake little chaps, and liked to be “up and doing.” They wanted to race, and run, and toss up their caps, and shout and play marbles, and all the other plays that boys like so much; and more than all—though they did not so understand it—they liked to breathe the

*The Horse that Pumped for Himself.*

free and exhilarating out-door air. So you see it was very tiresome for them to be obliged to stay indoors all day, and be quiet and well-behaved, like girls; for, though they were boisterous enough out-of-doors, they were careful to subdue their spirits in the house, for mamma's sake.

They had become tired of games and puzzles and story-books, and now stood flattening their little noses against the window-panes as they looked out into the wet streets to find some amusement. They began to watch the horses that passed, and, at length, Charlie exclaimed, “Hurra, Johnnie! I’ve thought of something to do; let’s count the horses that go by this forenoon. I bet there’ll be a lot.” “Poh,” said Johnnie, “I know something better than that; let’s see how many different colored horses go by—you count all that go up street, and I’ll count those that come down, and see who’ll get the most.” And so that plan was agreed on, and they got very much interested in it. Now, as the varieties of coloring and shading of horse-hair is not very extensive, that game soon came to an end; and it was discovered that Charlie’s list was longer, by three, than Johnnie’s.

Father, who had been busy writing, laid down his pen, and said, “Come here, my boys, and tell me if either of you have seen a blue horse to-day.” A

blue horse!” the both shouted, “I guess we haven’t.” And Johnnie, who was very inquisitive, said, “Wouldn’t I like to see a blue horse coming, lickity-swizzle, down the street; how jolly ’twould be, with all the fellows racing after him.” “Well, keep quiet,” said his father, “and I will tell you a true story of a blue horse:

“About twenty-five years ago, business took me to Lowell, which, you know, is a great manufacturing city. I happened to mention to a gentleman of my acquaintance that I had never been in any of the mills, and he very kindly invited me to visit those of the Merrimac corporation, of which he was the superintendent. He took the trouble to explain to me all processes of manufacturing the nice cotton prints which I saw there. At last, we went down to the dyeing-room, where I saw some large vats filled with a blue mixture used for coloring calicoes—dark-blue being quite the style in those days.

“In the yard I noticed some horses feeding; and my friend remarked, ‘Quite a laughable incident occurred here a year ago. Two old white horses belonging to the corporation were enjoying their rest in the yard one Sunday, and nibbling the sweet grass that grew there, when, late in the day, the person who had charge of the premises, came round to see that all was right. He was met at the gate by one of the horses, while the other was nowhere to be seen. Now, this old horse was very knowing, and he was anxious to tell the man what had become of his companion; but he could not speak, and so he tried, in every way possible to him, to attract his attention. When he succeeded, he led the way to the dyeing-room, the door of which had been carelessly left open,

and there was his poor old mate, up to the neck in the blue vat. He was quickly rescued from his peculiar position, and came out with a fashionable coat of blue! For some months he was the most attractive horse in Lowell, and everybody ran to get a peep at him as he trotted about on his daily rounds.’” “What became of him, Father, did he die?” said Johnnie. “He dyed of the blues, surely, but came to life again, as I have just told you. After a while, to the joy of his mate, he shed his blue coat, and came out in a new white suit. I suppose he has since died again, but of what complaint I have never heard.” B. L. E. W.

*Petition of Birds to the Boys of New England.*

The blue-bird, robin, wren, lark, jay, and other songsters, having come a very long way to give a free concert in May and June, do most humbly pray that you will not drive us away with guns and stones, nor destroy our little stores of eggs.

When other bands of music come out to play, you don’t drive them away with sticks and stones, but would rather pay them to remain.

Now, all we ask is a few worms and grubs, which destroy your fruits, with now and then a few cherries.

Grant our petition, and we will wish you good fortune and long life.



[For Our Dumb Animals]  
Another Clip at Clipping.

MR. EDITOR:—I see by your last number that I stand alone among your veterinary correspondents in opposition to clipping horses. With Nature on my side, I feel I can afford to do so. I look at the argument of an "artificial condition" in this connection as a fallacy. The advocate of clipping speaks as though man, by some device, had taken one of Nature's children from her guardianship, and it had become the ward of these knights of the torch and shears. Admitting that, in a given instance, the clipped horse may be kept in a barn where a fire is constantly burning, and sufficient clothing put on him when out, so that clipping him might not amount to absolute cruelty, for I think the practice should be discouraged. Says Nimrod: "The wise provisions of Nature are calculated to inspire us with awe and reverence." If he did not sing Nature's glories with a parrot's tongue, he would not take from the horse one of those "wise provisions", namely, his natural clothing. Again he says: "The horse will seldom feed so that the waste of vital energy consequent upon fast driving and perspiration will be compensated." Throughout Nature's vast domains the laws of compensation are rife. The horse is a machine for converting hay and grain into vital energy. A single life can appropriate a given quantity, and to ask the horse to expend more vital energy than his digestive organs can furnish is abusing that life. It may be that, by abuse, the digestive organs have become impaired, but I had not before learned that clipping is a remedy for dyspepsia recognized by the schools. Nature has furnished the horse with a blanket covering him in every part, varying in thickness as the temperature of the seasons requires, one that man will not forget to put on, one which the horse cannot tear in pieces and rid himself of in a night. These clippers propose to take it from him and substitute one of their own invention. Had the horse the power of Baalam's beast he might ask my compeers if they proposed to "teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule."

I had read the first part of Nimrod's article, and counted him on my side, when, *presto, change*, he turns out a clipper. The horse that is well bred, fed, housed and groomed will have a good coat all the year. (See Nimrod's last article.)

Then why clip him? It will spoil his natural coat, for each time his coat grows longer and rougher, so that you must continue to clip him, or he will look like Barnum's "woolly subject," who had been the victim of man's abuse. All their arguments cluster around and converge to this one point, viz.: the clipped horse can travel more miles in a given time than an unclipped one. I have no sympathy with the men who would skin the horse alive for the purpose of a few seconds less time to a mile. As a physician, I deem it my duty to discourage such abuse of Nature's children. A good horse can travel as fast as it is necessary, under ordinary circumstances, for prudent men to ride. The damage to vital economy, the wear and tear of vehicles, the dangers of life or limb, are all arguments against fast driving. Humane masters find no trouble; their horses will eat enough, to compensate the vitality, for all the service they ask of their horses.

I cannot dismiss this subject, Mr. Editor, without once more asking that your little sheet, devoted to one of the noblest objects of humanity, may not be made to countenance such enormities through misdirected professional influence. W.

**HORSE COLLARS.**—A new and most important improvement in the manufacture of horse collars has just been devised by a Philadelphia mechanic. The collar being stuffed with elastic cork, is light in weight, and adapts itself to the shape of the animal as readily as if it was moulded. It is highly elastic, does not chafe or gall the neck, and the cork being a non-conductor, injury from the heat is prevented.

**CARELESS feed, irregular drink, and rough usage after hard service, cause most of the complaints from which horse-flesh suffers.**

## Hear it!

If you've any task to do,  
Let me whisper, friend, to you,  
Do it!

If you've anything to say,  
True and needed, yea or nay,  
Say it!

If you've anything to love,  
As a blessing from above,  
Love it!

If you've anything to give,  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it!

If some hollow creed you doubt,  
Though the whole world hoot and shout,  
Doubt it!

If you know what torch to light,  
Guiding others through the night,  
Light it!

If you've any debt to pay,  
Rest you neither night or day,  
Pay it!

If you've any joy to hold  
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,  
Hold it!

If you've any grief to meet,  
At the loving Father's feet,  
Meet it!

If you're given light to see  
What a child of God should be,  
See it!

Whether life be bright or drear,  
There's a message sweet and clear  
Whispered down to every ear,  
Hear it!

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## The West Philadelphia Drove Yards.

MR. EDITOR:—I have noticed an article in your paper, by Charles A. Greene, M.D., copied from the *Cambridge Press*. I lived for one year within sight and hearing of the West Philadelphia Drove Yards, and saw enough to disgust me with beef, unless I am sure it has not come from those or similar yards.

The cattle are shipped at the West, and landed in those yards, worn out with their journey. When they are sold they are often too exhausted or sick to be driven to their destination. The driver goes behind them with a big club, and, if any lag by the way, they are made to feel its weight; and if one sinks down exhausted, it is beaten until it gets up again, receiving the cruel blows which are showered upon it with a dumb, reproachful patience that ought to appeal to the heart of any one. At last the pain is too much to bear, and it staggers to its feet, and, under the constant blows of the driver, proceeds along the road. These cattle are taken to the slaughter pens in the city, butchered and sold for beef. One can judge if they are in a fit condition to be made into food.

When milch cows are to be sold, they are not milked for two or three days before they are exposed for sale, so that their udders may be distended, to give them the appearance of yielding an enormous quantity of milk.

If there is a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Philadelphia, it ought to send representatives to these drove yards, where they will find plenty of occupation. E. B. D.

## Woodland Concert.

Nature, exerting an unwearied pow'r,  
Forms, opens and gives scent to ev'ry flow'r;  
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads  
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.  
She fills, profuse, ten thousand little throats  
With music, modulating all their notes;  
And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown,  
With artless airs and concerts of her own.

COWPER.

## Stable and Farm.

## Washing Sweated Horses.

A correspondent of the *London Field* says he washes sweated horses in cold water with beneficial results, both in summer and in winter. After washing, the animal should be rubbed dry, as far as practicable, and the legs especially. Should the hair on them be too long to admit of this being sufficiently done, flannel bandages should be put on, and a woollen rug thrown loosely over, but without the roller. In the course of an hour the horse will be tolerably dry, and should then have another rub down, and be clothed in the ordinary manner. If horses were treated in a more rational manner than is often the case, with pure air and scrupulous cleanliness, disease would be far less common.

What is more refreshing to a man after a hard day's shooting, or other luxurious exercise, than warm or cold bath? And I believe it to be equally so to the horse. To the tired hunter, a warm foot bath and fomentation, if the animal is sufficiently quiet, is most refreshing. Some years ago I visited the royal stables at Buckingham Palace. There, as I was informed—and at the time myself witnessed the operation—every horse, summer and winter, was washed from head to foot with cold water, after returning from work, no matter whether it had been out one hour or six. After the ablution scraping, scrubbing, etc., a kind of web cloth was thrown over to admit of evaporation, and the horse was afterwards rubbed down and clothed as usual in the course of an hour or two. I consider the plan rational and conducive to the health of the horse, if only ordinary care is taken.

## Take Notice of your Fowls.

A somewhat noted English writer says: "The more notice there is taken of fowls we believe, the better they will do. In a natural state they would no doubt lay a batch or two of eggs in a season, hatch them, and consider the end of egg production reached. In a domestic state, we wish them to rear the advisable number of broods, and in addition, to continue to lay as many months as is commensurate with their well-doing; therefore, the further we can remove our fowls from a wild state, the better. Notice, therefore, the young broods and the old fowls, and let children notice them too (not handle them, for chickens should never be caught unnecessarily,) and your fowls will repay good feeding by doing good service."

**PET YOUR CALVES.**—It is best to handle calves as much as possible, and pet them, lead them with a halter, and caress them in various ways. Calves managed in this way will always be docile and suffer themselves to be approached and handled both in the pastures and in the barn.

**MILK REGULARLY.**—In point of humane treatment, as well as in view of pecuniary profit, it is absolutely necessary that your cows should be milked at regular hours. Allow us to say in this connection what we have frequently reiterated—that is, the milking should also be done by the same hands, as much as possible.—*Rural World*.

**HOW TO FIT A COLLAR TO A HORSE.**—In purchasing a collar for your horse, it is important to get one that fits him, as both the animal and yourself will thus be saved much annoyance. The *Harness and Carriage Journal* says: "The plan adopted in the West, and which, we are assured by men who have been long in the collar business, does not injure the collar in the least, is to dip it in water until the leather is thoroughly wet, then put it on the horse, secure the hames firmly, keeping it there until it becomes dry. It is all the better if heavy loads are to be drawn, as that causes the collar to be more evenly fitted to the neck and shoulder. If possible, the collar should be kept on from four to five hours, when it will be perfectly dry and retain the same shape ever afterward, and as it is exactly fitted to the form of the neck, will never produce chafes or sores on the horse's neck."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
Clipping Once More.

MR. EDITOR:—In your October issue the subject of clipping of horses was alluded to, and a desire expressed for arguments either in favor of or opposed to the measure.

Not professing to be an advocate for the shearing of horses indiscriminately, instances have come to my notice where it was absolutely necessary not only for the usefulness but for the comfort of the animal.

It is well known that a large number of horses throw out, in the autumn, long, thick coats of hair. If an animal belonging to this class should be driven, say six or seven miles an hour, even in a cold day, it will, in a short time after entering the stable, be covered with a profuse perspiration, which continues several hours, rendering the animal wet, chilly and uncomfortable. Clip such a horse, and even drive at a greater rate of speed, cover well with blankets, and you will find a dry, warm skin in a very short time. That is not all: in the first case the horse will be dull, dispirited and lose condition; in the last, lively, and will thrive well.

The above is not theory, but actual fact. I have tested it in my own stable.

I have a horse which I would not allow to be clipped, as it has a fine coat, and never suffers from cold sweats.

The fact is, it is "the abuse, and not the use" of clipped horses that is inhuman.

To allow a closely-sheared horse to stand uncovered in the cold is cruel, yet I believe that a long-haired one, after becoming sweaty, suffers more than the clipped one with the same exposure.

In the November number, your correspondent "W." is entirely opposed to the clipping of horses, because it is "opposed to the teachings of Nature." So also is the writer of this, when the animals are in a state of nature.

Again he says: "I see no reason, under ordinary circumstances, why a humane man should sweat his horse badly in winter." Would he, when eight miles from home, with the thermometer at zero, take more than an hour to return? If the reply is *No*, then, if he has a long, thick-haired horse, he is not a humane man if he does not have him clipped.

Which is the most humane, to put a horse with a thick, heavy coat into a stable, after a drive, where he will sweat for an hour or two, and remain wet and chilly for sixteen or twenty more, or have him clipped, and thus have him dry, warm and comfortable?

A large number of our best road horses (and they have but little value for other purposes) have long coats of hair. To be truly humane one of two things should be done, either keep them in idleness during the winter, or have them clipped, and see that they are well cared for. VET.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]  
Our Work in Germany.

The Hamburg Society for the Protection of Animals was the first one of the kind established in Germany. It has 1,300 members, and ample means. For several years the Society has bought and killed worn-out horses, which their owners were cruel enough to use as beasts of burden. It spent, in 1868, a large sum, for dogs. An agreement made two years ago with the superintendent of a hospital for sick animals allows the Society to place lost and starving dogs in his charge. They are kept in a pound, and well treated long enough to give their owners time to reclaim them. They are not killed until all means have been tried for finding them new masters.

Last summer, the Society erected, in different parts of the city, more than fifty drinking fountains for dogs.

There is now, in the north of Germany, no law preventing cruelty to animals. A petition has been sent to the government asking it to bridge over this gap in German legislation. The Hamburg Society took the first steps in this matter, and other societies have joined it.

It will never be known how many human ailments are produced by eating the flesh of sickly animals.

17 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

Editor "Our Dumb Animals."

My windows look down upon that sharp hill at the beginning of this street. During the slippery season, the sights we witness among the loaded teams makes this otherwise desirable location most undesirable. To say nothing of the poor, weak animals, those large, fat, strong, coal-cart horses make the most pitiful struggles. Now down upon their knees, and again flat upon their sides, they awaken our liveliest sympathies.

The difficulty is not so much that these horses are overloaded as that the street, at this point, is, during several months of the year, in a peculiarly pasty, slippery condition.

And I will take the liberty to suggest to the street commissioners that this is a case which none of those excellent wooden pavements will meet. But one hundred feet of the granite Belgian pavement laid down in the steepest part of the hill will at once remove what must otherwise prove a permanent and crying nuisance.

DIO LEWIS.

[We have already consulted our Superintendent of Streets in relation to this location. He contends that, for inclined streets, macadamized pavement is best—that the granite blocks soon become smooth.

Is this not true of certain kinds of granite and not true of others? The question of better roads and better pavements needs discussion. We publish in another column the action of the last legislature on the subject.—ED.]

Ohio.

We hope action will be taken by the coming legislature to enact a better law. J. F. Lukens of West Mansfield writes that some representatives elect are zealous, and other friends at Cleveland are at work.

A Warning to Turkey Shooters.

To the Editor of The New York Sun.

SIR:—The season being near for the "sport," as it is termed, of tying fowls to stones and otherwise, and shooting at them on a wager, the undersigned would kindly, and in the spirit of humanity, remind all persons about to engage in this cruel and demoralizing pastime, that it is contrary to law, and that this Society has taken the necessary measures to enforce the same, by the arrest and punishment of offenders discovered in the violation thereof.

HENRY BERGH, President.

Premium for Better Roads.

We recommend to the careful consideration of scientific and practical men the following resolve of the last legislature:—

RESOLVE concerning the Construction and Repair of Roads.

Resolved, That there be allowed and paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth, the sum of four hundred dollars, to be expended under the direction of the Board of Agriculture in the payment of one or more premiums for the best treatise or treatises, containing not more than two hundred pages, duodecimo, respectively, upon the science of road-making, and the best methods of superintending the construction and repair of public roads in this Commonwealth; and that said board are also authorized to cause to be printed for the use of the next legislature three thousand copies of the treatise receiving the highest premium under this resolve, if they deem such publication expedient.—Approved June 12, 1869.

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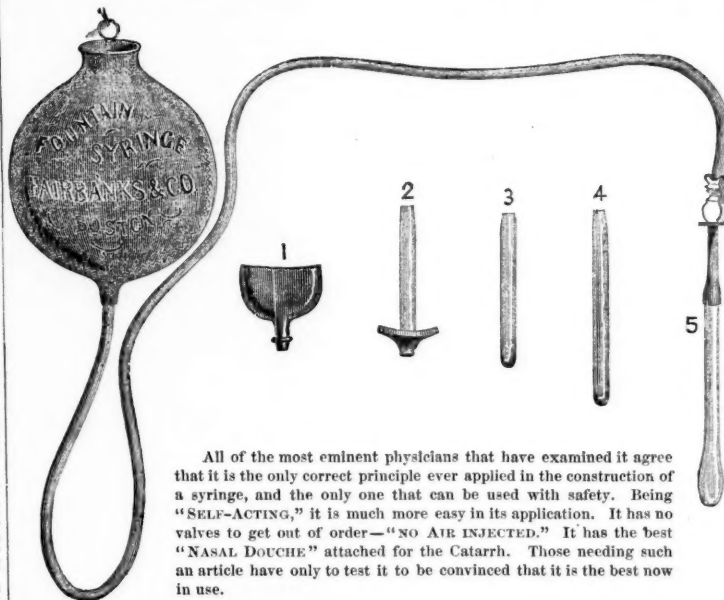
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## HORSE SHOEING.

### PRIZE ESSAYS.

The DIRECTORS of the SCOTTISH SOCIETY  
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANI-  
MALS offer Three Prizes (£50, £30, and £20) for  
the best and most practical Essays on Horse  
Shoeing, in connection with the comfort and  
soundness of the Horse.

The Essays, which should be as concise as  
possible, must be of a thoroughly practical and  
experimental character, and may be expressed in  
everyday language.

Essayists must keep in view the various con-  
ditions under which different classes of horses  
have to perform their work,—special reference  
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paved and often steep streets of many of the  
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the heat of summer and the frosts of winter.

The following hints may serve to show how  
the subject of the Essays may be treated:—

- (1) Suppose a horse sound and hitherto unshod, describe the present method of preparing the hoof for shoeing, the amount of horn taken away, and the instruments employed, so as to bring the whole natural bearing-surface in contact with the ground.
- (2) Can you suggest anything better?
- (3) How would you prepare the Shoes (fore and hind) for various kinds of horses, as Race-horses, Hunters, Hacks, Coach, Cab, Buss, and Heavy-Draught Horses.
- (4) In describing the forging of shoes (whether hand or machine-made), state very exactly the number, relative positions, and direction of the nail holes, and give reasons therefor.
- (5) Describe the best manner of fitting the shoe, and give your opinion as to the propriety of applying it in a heated state in order to secure an equal bearing; and whether that can be obtained without burning into the hoof.
- (6) Point out any evils or abuses in existing systems of Horse Shoeing.
- (7) Suggest any improvements in the Form, Material, or Mode of Fitting Shoes.
- (8) How may the hoofs of horses be best preserved?
- (9) Give any suggestions as to how a thoroughly scientific knowledge of the horse's foot might best be acquired by Horse Shoers.

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